

**Maine Farmer.**

HOMAN &amp; BADGER, Publishers.

S. L. BOARDMAN, Agricultural Editor.

Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man.

Sow Wheat! Sow Wheat!

We have waited until now before alluding to the subject of wheat growing in our State, fearing if given too early in the season, the advice and suggestions might be forgotten. With the time for sowing just at hand we hope our words may give encouragement, and induce many farmers to try a few acres of wheat. The success that has attended the sowing of wheat in our State during the past few years, and the large yields that have been harvested, are of themselves the most conclusive arguments in favor of not only continuing to sow wheat as a crop—but of extending its culture upon every farm in the State. Our own columns have recorded numerous instances of large yields of wheat grown during the past season, and we have many instances in mind of satisfactory crops raised in different counties which are not deemed worthy of publishing, but which assure those who raise them that it pays for farmers in Maine to grow wheat every year. Reports from almost every county in the State, have been given in our columns, and a glance at some of the heaviest returns shows the following results: Kennebec county—eleven hundred bushels raised in one school district; forty bushels from two acres; one hundred and twenty-four bushels from five acres; twenty-one and one-half bushels from one bushel sowing. Penobscot county—sixty-five bushels raised to each farm in one school district of seven farms; forty-three bushels from two bushels sowing; twenty-seven bushels from one and two-thirds bushels sowing; sixty-four bushels from two acres. Lincoln county—forty bushels from two bushels of seed. Waldo county—four farms in one school district raised ninety-one bushels to the farm. Aroostook county—thirty bushels from one acre. Piscataqua county—thirty-five bushels from one and one-third acre; forty-two bushels from three and one-half bushels of seed. Somerset county—fifty-four bushels from two and one-third acres; eighty hundred and ten bushels in one school district; three thousand bushels in one town! And while these are some of the heaviest yields reported, we might go on to give a much longer list, (to include fair crops not yet reported at all,) while lots of farmers have raised wheat enough to breed their own families and thought nothing of it! Now what better evidence do we need of the capability of Maine soil to produce good crops of wheat, or of the safe character of the crop when the conditions favorable to it are compared with the above showing? And reading them over, will you not decide at once, try an acre or two of wheat this spring? We mean not only every reader of the Farmer, but every farmer in Maine! Were you thoughtful enough to prepare your ground for wheat, last fall?—if so, you are all right, and can sow as soon as the ground is fully bare. If not, select a dry field, fit it as soon as suitable to work and sow immediately after. Wash the seed in strong pickle and dry with lime. THE SUCCESS OF THOSE WHO HAVE SOWN WHEAT DURING THE PAST FEW YEARS, WARRANTS YOU IN PUTTING IN A GOOD BREATH OF THIS STANDARD GRAIN THIS SPRING! Our State has taken the lead of the New England States, in the growing of wheat, and we want to see this grand measure not only kept up during the present season, but really placed in advance of any previous year.

Henry Poor, Esq., of Brooklyn, L. I., a former resident of Maine, and a gentleman whose stirring appeals to our farmers have done much to encourage them in sowing wheat—gives in the *New England Farmer* of a recent date a code of eighteen reasons why the farmers of New England should make wheat a leading crop; and we commend them to the thoughtful and active practice of all our readers.

1. Because their climate is the best adapted on this continent to growing wheat.

2. Because the deep snows of winter favor safety and cultivation.

3. Because it is less liable to winter kill and rust than in the West.

4. Because the yield is nearly per cent. larger, as all the agricultural statistics show.

5. Because the rolling lands of New England render it comparatively safer than flat prairie lands.

6. Because it is the *cheapest* made crop on the farms.

7. Because it is the *surest* grain crop raised on the farms.

8. Because two crops a season, fall and spring, are advantages over any other grain.

9. Because every farmer that raises his rye and potatoes, can raise wheat.

10. Because it gives happiness and comfort, and insures a family circle, rejoicing in the wheat fed from the home farm.

11. Because poverty may pinch, and this is the farmer's antidote.

12. Because the cost for six-inch-wide barrels of wheat, to be sold for six dollars, equal to a barrel of four, and thirteen-quarters barrel of the price for a barrel of the best quality.

13. Because the farmer should feel a lot of pride and confidence in raising his bread from his own hands.

14. Because independence of all other States, should stimulate this meritorious example.

15. Because to buy flour empries the pocket;

16. Because, after providing for the home wants of their people, the excess-bread of State of Maine presents advantages for export unknown to any other State in the Union—should a surplus exist.

17. Because it is but to begin this great branch of wheat farming, to secure a large and quick cash capital to all farmers who will earnestly and zealously engage in its production.

18. Because, in the providence of God, man was commanded to "till the ground." Then let this occasion of man's birth in New England become his special care and interest. If he begins in doubt, clear sky and sunshine will dispel all, and he will become the almoner and friend of his family and neighbors.

**State Poultry Society.**

The Directors of the Maine Poultry Association, were in Portland recently, in conference with citizens of that city interested in the objects of the Association, the result being that they voted to hold an exhibition in that city Jan. 13th—16th, 1874. A committee was appointed to arrange a schedule of prizes, and other details, and the organization may, now, be said to be fairly "a-field" for its first year's operations.

Leaders of the Portland have

subscribed a generous sum to be awarded in special prizes, and it is thought the total number of premiums offered will exceed five thousand dollars.

The Association is one creditable to our State, and we expect it will do credit to itself in its fairs and other transactions. We wish it the utmost success, and shall do all in our power to aid and encourage its operations.

**History of Maine Horses.**

It gives us much satisfaction to announce that Mr. J. W. Thompson of Canton, who has for some time been engaged at the task, is collecting materials for a history of Maine horses, to be called "Historical and Descriptive Sketches of Noted Maine Horses, Past and Present." Maine has produced a large share of the most celebrated horses that have made famous the American turf, and it has often been a matter of regret that we have had no reliable and connected history of them, with their pedigree and performances. Even so celebrated a stallion as "Old Drew" is without a history, and his pedigree is unknown. To gather up from scattered accounts in the newspapers, and from the statements of isolated parties, the history of all our prominent horses is a work involving a great amount of labor, and we admire the courage exhibited by Mr. Thompson in undertaking it.

We have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with this gentleman, but are assured he has the requisite qualifications to successfully carry forward and complete this work; and to aid in rendering it as perfect as possible, as well as to lighten his task, we solicit the assistance of all interested in our noted horses from various parts, and request from all who have reliable information, the names of all owners of noted horses of the past, the names of all owners of noted horses of the present, and from all who are breeding from promising strains of blood, the names, ages, color, pedigree, names of breeder, and other particulars concerning them, that will be especially glad of any information to the Golden Robin, Celeste, Henry Lafayette, Ice Pony and Pelham.

The importance of Mr. Thompson's proposed work will at once be appreciated by all breeders of horses, and we earnestly hope he may receive generous encouragement and aid from all who can in any way further the object he desires to carry out.

**Consumption of Eggs in N. Y. City.**

The *Bulletin*, gives some valuable and interesting figures showing the number and value of eggs received in the city of New York during the years 1870, 1871 and 1872, that will assist in giving our readers an idea of the extent and importance of the egg business in this, the largest city in America. We wish similar figures showing the consumption of eggs in all the cities of the country could be obtained, for we imagine the results would be enormous.

We present them in a condensed form: In 1870 there were received in the city of New York 19,900,700 dozen of eggs, the wholesale value of which was \$4,928,191.80. For the year 1871 there was received 25,912,210 dozen, the wholesale value of which was \$5,661,073.85.

In the year 1872 there were received 38,360,410 dozen, the wholesale value of which was \$6,202,250.57. The tables from which the above results are taken give the receipt for each month in the year, of each year, with the average wholesale price per dozen for each month. The largest number received in any one month was in May, 1872, viz. 5,414,955 dozen. The highest price paid was in February when the sales averaged 33 cents per dozen, and the lowest was in May, when the average was only 15¢ cents per dozen. The average price for 1870, 1871 and 1872, was 23¢ cents per dozen, and for 1873 it was 24¢ cents per dozen. The reports for the three years show a steady increase in the receipts from year to year, those for 1872 being 8,359,710 dozen more than in 1870.

These figures show the importance of the egg business, and leads us to ask if some means cannot be put in operation whereby we may have an exhibit of the yearly product of eggs in our State.

**State College at Orono.**

Applicants will please take notice of the change in the requirements for admission as given in the following card from the President, Rev. C. E. Allen, D. D.

I wish, through your paper, to inform the candidates for admission to the Maine State College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, that by vote of the Trustees, the standard of admission for the Freshman class has been reduced, so as to admit five books of Latin, Geography, Arithmetic, U. S. History, and Algebra, as far as Quadratic Equations, which was formerly required.

**Editorial Notes.**

Hon. S. F. Perley and Hon. Lyndon Oak, the committee of the Trustees of the State College at Orono, appointed to procure plans for a barn and other out-buildings, have been on a tour of inspection through Massachusetts, New Hampshire and other States in the prosecution of this object. They visited, last week, the barn of the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, as well as other model barns in the Connecticut valley, and the results of their inspection will assume tangible form in the plan decided upon for the new barn at Orono, to be erected this season.

It is now time to begin this great branch of agriculture, and the Clipper Co., who, as I believe, will not build this structure against them in a suit for infringement of patents, or a claim of patent, makes it difficult to get a trial. The case is now at the bar of the court, and ready for future development.

In justice to the Company I would say that they have not, as is reported for effect, *gone up*, but are prepared to protect their patrons and old agents in this suit as promptly as possible.

By reason of circumstances, unexpected, and of the speed with which the Clipper Co., who, as I believe, will not build this structure against them in a suit for infringement of patents, or a claim of patent, makes it difficult to get a trial. The case is now at the bar of the court, and ready for future development.

I am fortunate in the fact that just at this juncture the Eagle Mower, a well established machine, that took high rank at the Auburn Fair in 1868, and was made up for the Woodward Stock Company, made up at first mostly by those most intimately connected with the Woodward Mower, and posted in the requisites of a good machine and how to build them; that my services were solicited; and that there is reason to hope that we shall go to work with the Eagle as a worthy substitute for the Clipper.

I am happy to say that by reason of simplicity of design, and plainness, unexampled, as I find it, in the Eagle Mower, I have made a good record for myself, and am able to compete with any machine.

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Augusta, April 12, 1873.

**TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.**  
Subscription \$1.00 per year—\$1.00 if paid within  
Three Months of the date of Subscription.

All payments made by subscribers will be credit on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date in connection with the subscriber's name will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute a valid receipt for money so remitted by him.

If a subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us the name of the office to which it has been previously sent, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

## Collectors' Notices

Mr. V. DANLAW will visit Penobscot County in March and April.

Mr. C. S. AYER is now canvassing the county of Waldo.

Mr. S. M. TABER is now canvassing the county of Kennebec.

Mr. J. S. SMALL will call upon subscribers in York County during the present month.

## The Loss of the Atlantic.

On the coast of Nova Scotia, at the western side of Pemmett's Bay, is a bold, rocky headland which rises seven feet above the level of the sea. This headland is called Meagher's Rock and sometimes Cape Prospect, and the bay of which this forms the western limit, is exceedingly dangerous to navigators, abounding as it does with shoals and small islands. The land at the head of the bay is still more precipitous, one point called Hospital Hill being more than two hundred and fifty feet above the sea level. The whole scene around the bay is characteristic of our northern rock-bound coasts. Meagher's Rock has been measurable as the scene of one of the most appalling marine disasters that ever occurred for many years.

In our last issue we briefly alluded to the loss of the steamship Atlantic, which occurred on Friday evening, April 6, 1872. Since that time the facts and incidents connected with that terrible calamity, have been preserved and will be found detailed in another column.

The Atlantic was a first-class iron steamer and was built in Belfast, Ireland, in 1871. Her first voyage was made in June of that year, when she made the run in ten days. During her brief career she had crossed the ocean eighteen times.

She was about four thousand tons burden and her dimensions were as follows: Length, 410 feet; beam, 47 feet; depth of hold, 33 feet. She was rigged with four masts, had six water-tight bulk-heads, and was fitted with the most approved steam-steering gear. She had 11 boilers and 4 cylinders. The engines were equal to 3000 horse power and would stand a pressure of 70 lbs. to the square inch.

The Atlantic was arranged for general trade and could comfortably accommodate two hundred and could comfortably accommodate two hundred and twenty-five passengers. The main saloon was decorated with brilliant mountings, bronzed statues, marble chimney-pieces and elegantly carved furniture. In elegance of appointment, this vessel was not surpassed by any of the transatlantic steamships. The berths were luxuriously furnished and the emigrants' quarters were spacious and well-ventilated. In consequence of all these, the vessel had a fine reputation and generally had a full complement of passengers. The Atlantic belonged to the White Star line and left Liverpool for New York on the 20th of March.

Her average consumption of coal in ten trips, according to the statement of the owners, had been about \$14 tons, and when she sailed from Liverpool on her last voyage, she took nearly a thousand tons. But she experienced heavy weather, and the prevailing head winds obliged her to make a slow progress. The weather was not very favorable for the safe navigation of the transatlantic steamships. The berths were luxuriously furnished and the emigrants' quarters were spacious and well-ventilated. In consequence of all these, the vessel had a fine reputation and generally had a full complement of passengers. The Atlantic belonged to the White Star line and left Liverpool for New York on the 20th of March.

We have taken occasion several times to call the attention of our readers to the importance of the Maine General Hospital, now in process of erection in Portland. We have now to say that a grand Fair for the benefit of that Institution is to come off in Portland in June, in which it is hoped to interest the entire State. To that end committees have been appointed in each county to solicit aid, and to receive such contributions as may be offered. Gov. Perham is chairman of the committee of arrangements, and Hon. Joseph H. Williams of Augusta is a member. H. A. DeWitt is chairman of the committee to solicit contributions in Kennebec county. We shall further allude to this matter in a subsequent issue.

Miss Ella Percival, a native of this city, a graduate of our high school, and for several years past a most accomplished and successful teacher in the West, now occupies the position of principal of the high school in Goshen, Ind. Her many friends will be grateful to learn the favorable estimation in which she is held in her profession. The Goshen Times speaks of her as the best reader and linguist in that city, and in allusion to some recent literary exercises before the Lyceum in which Miss Percival participated, says a select reading or declamation was rendered by her in most admirable style and was alone worth the whole evening's entertainment. She was the first lady to take part in the public exercises of the Lyceum.

THE CAUCUS. The conductor of the Pullman sleeping car which arrived at Bangor on the train from Boston, Monday, discovered that his valise had been opened by some one during the previous night, and his pocket book and contents taken out and carried off. He at once informed Marshal Bolton, and as he suspected Wm. J. Cawelti, a brakeman in the engine, of the theft, he at once went to Cawelti's room at the Bowler House after Cawelti had gone. The brakeman slept soundly till Major Bolton found the missing property in the pocket of his coat, which hung over a chair at his bedside, and then shaking him awake, invited him to the lockup. He was brought before the Police Court.

POLOMAN PARSONS of Portland, came to this city on Monday, with an insane person, and was returning to Portland on the 10 o'clock evening train, when he fell from the cars near Oak Hill, a few miles west of Brunswick. He was found by the section man near that place shortly after the train passed, and brought to Brunswick on the next train from the west, where he was cared for. His head was badly cut, rendering him unconscious, and he died in a few hours. It is not known how he fell from the train, as no one saw him fall.

Dr. J. T. Gilman of Portland, who is enjoying a brief respite from his professional duties, under date of April 3d, in a business note, writes us: "I am stopping at Mr. Cutler's plantation in Southern Georgia, near the boundary line of Florida—where we are enjoying all the luxuries of a tropical climate. We propose to go up and down the St. John's river, visiting St. Augustine and then return northward over our leisure."

AT the recent town meeting in Brunswick, it was voted that instead of building a soldier's monument, steps be taken for erecting a hall, on the town lot, with tablets, suitably inscribed, in memory of the deceased soldiers. Four thousand dollars were raised for the purpose, to carry into effect the vote; J. L. Chamberlain, J. D. Lincoln, A. G. Tenney, Henry Carroll, A. G. Poland.

There are some very suggestive items in the "stationery" accounts of both houses of the last Congress. Under this head it will never forget, they sank to rise no more. As stated last week, the number of the lost is about 550. Of the 825 passengers who embarked on board the ill-fated ship—550 were cabin passengers and included business men from various parts of the United States with several ladies. The balance was made up of Irish emigrants with their families, on their way to the United States and the Canadas. The survivors of this class had embarked their little on board the ship and are now entirely destitute in a strange land. Their cases are such as should excite the warmest sympathy which should find expression in material aid.

The loss of this noble ship freighted with so many precious souls, recalls to mind similar accidents which have occasionally marked the years within the last half century.

In 1854 the Atlantic, namesake of the recently founded ship, went down with nearly six hundred persons on board.

In 1859 the Royal Charter was wrecked at sea when 460 persons perished. The Pacific dislocated in 1856 and 181 persons were never again heard from. In 1854, 300 men, women and children were lost in the Arctic which founded on the coast of Newfoundland. Many Americans were lost by this disaster. On the same rough coast, in 1866, the Hungarian was wrecked, when over 220 persons were swept out of the world. Last January the Northwest sunk in the English channel, carrying down over 300 persons including the brave Capt. Knowles and his heroic officers.

In the several calamities which we have specified, including the one which occurred last week and which in some respects is more terrible than either of the others, nearly four thousand and human beings, unskilled and untrained, have found graves in the unknown depths of the plumb ocean.

An investigation into the causes which led to the loss of the Atlantic is going on in Halifax,

and the results will be reported.

details of which will be found in another column. The statement of Capt. Williams is straightforward and carries with it an air of truthfulness, but by it is convicted of gross carelessness and an entire want of appreciation of the weighty responsibilities which rested upon him. That he should mistake the light on Prospect Head, for the one at Cape Sambro shows unpardonable ignorance, and that he should leave the deck and retire to his bed when the ship was making ten knots an hour toward a dangerous rock-bound coast, is reprehensible to the highest degree.

Gerry Gosar. Speaker Blaine advertises that the captain at his disposal will be disposed of by competitive examination.—Mr. J. M. Lyford, a Watercolor boy, whom we located at Trenton, Mo., awhile ago, has returned to Waterbury, N. Y., and resumed his old position as station agent on the Erie Railway.—Miss Lizzie Norton, of Gardner, has been singing with Barnard's Troupe, in New Hampshire.—W. A. R. Boothby, has resigned the office of Ticket Agent of the M. C. R. R. at the Waterbury station and has gone into the insurance office of his father, who is to absent much of the time in connection with his duties as Gen'l Ag't. of the Agricultural Ins. Co. Mr. B. is Vice President of the Agricultural Ins. Co.

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Editor's Table.

COUNTY ITEM. The Rev. George F. Pentecost of Boston, delivers the oration before the literary societies of Colby University at the coming commencement.—Mr. J. M. Lyford, a Watercolor boy, whom we located at Trenton, Mo., awhile ago, has returned to Waterbury, N. Y., and resumed his old position as station agent on the Erie Railway.—Miss Lizzie Norton, of Gardner, has been singing with Barnard's Troupe, in New Hampshire.—W. A. R. Boothby, has resigned the office of Ticket Agent of the M. C. R. R. at the Waterbury station and has gone into the insurance office of his father, who is to absent much of the time in connection with his duties as Gen'l Ag't. of the Agricultural Ins. Co. Mr. B. is Vice President of the Agricultural Ins. Co.

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Editor's Table.

HERALD OF HEALTH. The motto of the publisher is, "A Higher Type of Manhood—Physical, Intellectual, Moral." Every number is filled with enteraining and instructive matter, and at the low price of \$1.50 per annum, it is within the reach of every family. Wood & Holbrook, New York.

EVENING JOURNAL ALMANAC, 1873. This is a pamphlet of nearly 200 pages filled with interesting statistical matter and is furnished at 25 cents per copy, or seven copies for \$1.00. Address Weed, Parsons & Co., Albany, N. Y.

LADY'S FRIEND. The leading engraving in the April number of this excellent magazine is a fine picture, called "Watchman, What of the Night?" This is one of those pictures, out of the usual hackneyed style, that we so often find in this Monthly. Then there is "The Alpine Shepherdess," and the usual number of engravings, illustrating the Fashions. The music this month is "Kiss and Never Tell," which certainly contains something new. The Literary contents are interesting as usual. Deacon & Peterson, Phia.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY. The number for April opens with an interesting but tantalizing article entitled "An Hour among the Greenbacks," in which the different processes are described, of manufacturing our national currency. This article is finely illustrated. Twenty-two articles in prose and poetry go to make up this number. The May number commences a new volume, and now is a good time to subscribe. Published at four dollars a year by Scribner & Co., New York.

JOURNAL OF ANCIENT AND MODERN. Outlines of its History and Antiquities, By Rev. Israel P. Warren, D. D., Boston: Estes and Lauriat.

This is an 8 v. volume of 60 pages, printed on heavy tinted paper and neatly bound in cloth. The title clearly indicates the character of the work. There are two engravings or Key Plates representing Ancient and Modern Jerusalem, with over one hundred references to the important places. Then follows a brief history of the rebuilding of Jerusalem and of the Crusades in connection with the history of the Key Plate. We have recently been more interested in the pursuit of a course of medical studies. He now goes out to practice his profession.—The Augustus Gas Light Company has reduced the price of gas from \$1.40 to \$1.25 per thousand cubic feet. The weather has been somewhat pluvious during the present week and the snow is rapidly disappearing. The fears of a severe freshet are no longer entertained.—We saw 110 boats and 4 cylinders. The engines were equal to 3000 horse power and would stand a pressure of 70 lbs. to the square inch.

The Atlantic was a first-class iron steamer and was built in Belfast, Ireland, in 1871. Her first voyage was made in June of that year, when she made the run in ten days. During her brief career she had crossed the ocean eighteen times.

In our last issue we briefly alluded to the loss of the steamship Atlantic, which occurred on Friday evening, April 6, 1872. Since that time the facts and incidents connected with that terrible calamity, have been preserved and will be found detailed in another column.

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# The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

## Poetry.

### THE COUPLE'S DEAD.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN PITTS.

I thought I wandered on the land,  
But all around me stretched shades of gray.  
A round, as far as eye could reach,  
My fancy plied its toils of mystery deep,  
Where covered o'er with bunting waves,  
A scene dead silent, like a shop.

An hour or a mornur of the sun  
To those who rest in shadowed air;  
For them no surge, no sound,  
No noise, no stir, no living sound.

Where are they—the young, the fair,  
The sons of earth with life and hope?  
They are dead—no more to stir,  
As if they slept health pillows shade.

Above them rolls the storm-tossed main,  
Its billows shut from their light;  
But lit by the moon's bright sight,

Ah, who shall count the noble hearts  
Entombed beneath the sea wave?  
No trace of them comes grave.

And yet, what rocks it where we are?  
Their rest is sweet who now are laid  
As if they slept health pillows shade.

Laid by the music of the sea,  
Cradled in sound of coral reef,  
While white-winged vessels float free,  
How calm rests the ocean's dead!

**Our Story Teller.**

### THE LOST CABIN.

I had the "blues." For already had become satisfied that the young metropolis of the Northwest, which, with the typical western energy, had pushed me into the city among the thousand where crowding cases and flowing fowls would overwhelm the ambitious discipline of Blackstone, had really more "law" than it could conveniently comprehend, and was about to leave. Had my inhabitant of the place given himself up entirely to the arid and implacable uprightness, the relentless equinoctial of demand and supply would not yet have been restored; on the contrary, he had been compelled to leave him, having remained idle and unprofitable, waving bleakly in the winter of inevitable decay. A "heart of oak," supporting it to have been in the law business, could not, under these circumstances, have been joyously impounded; and it was a heavy load to my being of very common timber, weighed heavily on this April night, and dragged me down to infamously depths of despondency. What was I to do? to whom the few hundred dollars brought in weekly were utterly away. The introspective rose upon me again, and again with sphinx-like emphasis that was appalling. While amusing myself with reveries of this cheerful nature, some one rapped at my office door in response to my "come in," not until then did I notice that I was in a suit of dark complexion, and habited in a suit of heavy brown cloth, entered. I recognized him, after the usual salutations had passed, as a person who had, for several weeks, beenjourning at the hotel on the Bowery. Taking the chair I proffered, he seated himself next the stove, and, bending upon me from under a pair of heavy, black eyebrows a glance, glittering and keen with scrutiny, said, "It's a nasty night."

"It is, indeed," I replied, stopping to republish the stove; "and you seem to have had the benefit of it."

"Yes, I had some difficulty in finding your office—and that reminds me that I did not come here to discuss the weather, but to talk business."

He bent his head for a moment, as if to reflect, and I fixed myself in an attitude of respect, awaiting my first thought—being the idea which was uppermost in his mind.

"A man sat with this?" and as he spoke he waved his hand satirically toward the single Falstaffian column of law-books, largely recruited from the patent-office department, on which he was, without opposition.

I smiled, and, without waiting for further answer, he proceeded.

If you succeed at all in the practice of the law in Portland, it will be after years of repeated failures, and my first thought—

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"No sooner had his lips touched the water than his eyes arrested by the sparkle of certain small objects scattered among the gravel at the bottom. A miner was over the alert, and so, plunging his hand into the polluted waters, he drew forth a handful of gravel for examination.

"It was gold!"

"Yes, there it was; in coarse yellow grains and lumps—richer than a dream. He dropped suddenly to examine the bar on which he stood. It too, was gorged with gold, glittering and bright. He rolled up his shirt of joy that made the water whoosh and brought Harriet to the spot, for he had heard it, and recognized his brother's voice on the other side of the little valley. You can imagine their constancy and how they roamed over the mighty deep, Where covered o'er with battling waves, And their dead bodies lay upon the shore.

On a long mornur of the sun the fall Like so many voices of concert bell, Those who speak it have not told us yet,

To whom it is given to speak.

"I thought to speak it when the sun rose,

When the east slate with life and hope?

And then the sun rose, the sky's bright bone.

And where are they—the young, the fair,

The sons of earth with life and hope?

They are dead—no more to stir,

As if they slept health pillows shade.

And yet, what rocks it where we are?

Their rest is sweet who now are laid

As if they slept health pillows shade.

But it is their death, their last sleep,

That lit by the moon's bright sight,

Ah, who shall count the noble hearts

Entombed beneath the sea wave?

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